Parthenia's Complaint.

O R, The forſaken Sheperdeſs.

The falſhood of Young men ſhe doth diſcover, Tho' injur'd but by one, which makes her ſay,
By ſad example of her Faithleſs Lover: Happy Nymph for certain is that can,
And ſo againſt them all ſhe doth enveigh, So little value that falſe Creature Man.

To a New Tune much in Requeſt: Or, Sitting beyond a River ſide.

SItting beyond a Rivers ſide,
Parthenia thus to Cloe cry'd;
Who from the fair Nymphs Eyes a pace,
Another ſtream o'reflow'd her beauteous face,
Ah happy Nymph, ſaid ſhe, that can
So little value that falſe creature Man.

Oft ſhe perfidious things would cry,
They love, they bleed, they burn, they dye,
But if they'r abſent half a day,
May, if they ſtay but one poor hour away:
No more they dye, no more complain,
But like unconſtant wretches live again.

If that you do their Vows believe,
Then you are loſt without reprieve,
For Maids that's credulous and free,
Are ruin'd ſoon by their inconſtancy:
With ſugred words they will trappan,
No creature ever was ſo falſe as Man.

The ſad effects my ſelf have try'd,
By one that vow'd for love he dy'd;
My pity overcame diſdain,
And I requited him with love again:
Which makes me ſay with looks ſo wan,
No creature ever was ſo falſe as Man.

For when I thought he lov'd me moſt,
He proved falſe unto my coſt,
And like a fickle wretch did change
His mind, 'mongſt other beauties for to range,
Therefore ſhe happy is that can,
So little value that falſe creature Man.

When I upon the flowry Plains,
Did feed my flocks, free from loves pains
And reſted near the Chriſtal ſtreams,
Not once affrighted with ſuch idle dreams,
Then could I ſay, 'tis I that can,
So little value that falſe creature Man.

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BUt since that love did me ensnare,
My Heart is fill'd with grief and care,
My looks are chang'd, and I complain,
Being requited with such deep disdain:
Then sure he happy is that can,
So little value that false Creature man.

Wild Beasts that in the woods do range,
Unto their mates are not so strange,
As men are to their Loves untrue,
Which makes poor simple maids so deeply rue.
And say, she happy is that can,
So little value that false Creature Man.

You Birds that warble in the grove,
And hears the falshood of my Love:
Bear witness of my sad complaint,
Who am with grief and sorrow like to faint
Help me to learn, if that you can,
No more to value that false creature Man.

The marble Rocks that do divide,
The foaming billows as they glide;
Not so obdurate are in kind,
As men who unto falshood are inclin'd.
Therefore she happy is that can,
So little value that false creature man.

The Gods above will sure chastise,
Such fickle Lovers treacheries,
And Cupid with his powerful bow,
Will make them all their Errors for to know,
That they may love those Nymphs that can,
So little value that false creature man.

You Virgins all who hear my moan,
Let me not languish all alone,
Come and assist me in my need,
Lest that my broken heart with sorrow bleed,
Help me to learn if that you can,
No more to value that false Creature man.

One of a thousand you'll not find,
That's true and bears a faithful mind,
But of your hearts they'l you bereave,
And then dissally they will you leave;
Then sure she happy is that can,
So little value that false creature man.

O that such falshood should remain
Within that heart whose deep disdain,
Hath brought me to so sad dispair,
As never for mankind again to care;
O let me say if that you can,
No more i'le value that false creature man.

Into some Desart I will go,
And weary out my days in woe;
And with the Turtle there complain,
And never come in mortals sight again;
But strive by all the means I can,
No more to value that false creature man.

Then let all Virgins have a care,
And of their treacheries beware,
Let my mishap your warning be,
And trust not to their infidelity.
Let me advise you if you can,
No more to value that false creature

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